# AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

## AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1840. [VOL. I.—NO. 50.


## MASONIC.

### DE WITT CLINTON'S ADDRESS.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The celebrated philosopher John Locke was much struck with a manuscript of Henry 6th, king of England, deposited in the Bodleian library. It is the form of questions and answers, and to the interrogatory. whether masons are better than others? it is answered, "some Masons are not so virtuous as some other men; but in general, they are much better than they would have been, if they had not been masons."

This is unquestionably correct. Masonry superadds to our other obligations, the strongest ties of connexion between it and the cultivation of virtue, and furnishes the most powerful incentive to goodness. A Freemason is responsible to his lodge for a course of good conduct, and if he deviates from it, he will be disgraced and expelled. Wherever he goes he will find a friend in every brother, if he conducts well, and will be shielded against want, and protected against oppression; and he will feel in his own bosom the extatick joys of that heaven born charity, which

> ——descent, modest easy, kind,
> Softens the high and rears the abject mind,
> Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
> And opens in each heart, a little heaven.

All doubts on the exalted principles and auspicious tendencies of Freemasonry must be dissipated, when we retrospect to Washington and Franklin.

The former was the principal agent in establishing our independence, and securing to us the blessing of a national government. The latter was the great patron of the arts that administer to the happiness of individuals and the prosperity of states, and the head of the philosophy and useful knowledge of the country: Both were patriotic and virtuous men, and neither would have encouraged an institution hostile to morality, religion, good order, and the public welfare.

Washington became at an early period of his life a Freemason, and publicly as well as privately he invariably evinced the utmost attachment to it. In answer to a complimentary address, when President of the United States, from the master, wardens and brethren of King David's lodge, in Rhode Island, he had no hesitation in saying, "Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonic fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the society, and to be considered by them as a deserving brother." And in reply to the grand lodge of Massachusetts, he explicitly declares "that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice. To enlarge," continued he, "the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of the masonic institution, and it is most fervently to be wished that the conduct of every member of the fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the great object of masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race."

Freemasonry owes its introduction into Pennsylvania to Benjamin Franklin: on the 24th of June, 1734, a warrant was granted by the grand lodge of Massachusetts, for holding a lodge in Philadelphia, and appointing him the first master. He cultivated masonry with great zeal, and his partiality suffered no diminution during his long and illustrious life. Lafayette, the good Lafayette, the patriot of both hemispheres, was always the devoted friend of Freemasonry: He saw in it a constellation of virtues, and wherever he went he took every opportunity of demonstrating, his attachment and of expressing his veneration. His countenance has done much good, and has imparted to it no inconsiderable portion of his immense and deserved popularity. Freemasonry, like all other institutions, has its days of prosperity and adversity—its seasons of revivals and depressions—and it is believed that when Lafayette left this country, it had never attained a greater altitude of usefulness and general regard.

After these illustrious witnesses in favor our fraternity, let not the dissensions which sometimes prevail; the vicious conduct of some of its members, and the perversions of the institution, be adduced as proofs of its intrinsic vices. Although it has received the countenance of the good and the wise of all ages, let it be understood that the character of an institution does not necessarily form the conduct of its members. Good societies may contain unworthy members, and bad societies may enrol good men among their members.—Christianity is often degraded by profligate professors, and the heathen religion has had a Socrates, an Aristides, and a Cato.

It cannot be expected that in any society there will be a perfect accord and congeniality of minds, of tastes and of morals. Hence, differences will sometimes arise, and if conducted with good temper and candor will rarely expand into violent convulsions. Wolves will sometimes intrude into the flock, and bad men, under the cloak of goodness, will frequently insinuate themselves into the most excellent associations.

> For neither man nor angels can discern
> Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
> Invisible, except to God alone,
> By his permissive will through heaven and earth,
> And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps,
> At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
> Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,
> Where no ill seems.——

In all associations of men there are perturbed and uneasy spirits, who scatter discord, and whom "no command can rule nor counsel teach," and who, like the fabled Enceladus, create disturbance and convulsion wherever they move. It is no easy task to withstand the arts of hypocrites and the acts of incendiaries. If our society has suffered under such influences, it participates in the fate of all assemblies of men, and the feuds which sometimes distract its tranquility, are as often the offspring of well meaning and overweaning zeal, as of pervere and evil designs.

That Freemasonry is sometimes perverted and applied to the acquisition of political ascendency, of unmerited charity and to convivial excess, can not be disputed; but this is not the faul of the institution, for it inculcates an entire exemption from political and religious controversy. It enforces the virtues of industry and temperance, and it proscribes all attempts to gratify ambition and cupidity, or to exceed the bounds of temperance in convivial enjoyments, under its shade or through its instrumentality. In lifting the mind above the dungeon of the body, it venerates the grateful odor of plain and modest virtue, and patronizes those endowments which elevate the human character, and adapt it to the high enjoyments of another and better world.

Most Worshipful Grand Master Elect,—Accept my cordial congratulations on your elevation to the highest honor in masonry. You are now in this region, the head of the most ancient, benevolent, and distinguised society in the world. And I am rejoiced to see such exalted authority deposited in such worthy hands: and I feel assured that no exertion will be omitted on your party to realize the anticipations of your usefulness, and to justify the high confidence reposed in you.

I am persuaded that you will use every proper endeavor to re-unite the great masonic family under one government, to confirm and to extend the influence and reputation of freemasonry, and to propogate those virtues which are identified with its character and essential to the cause of benevolence, charity and philanthropy.

Your duties are certainly arduous, but important and honorable stations always imply great labor, and require much industry and exertion. You will be assisted in your labors by the enlightened officers associated with you, and every worthy brother will raise his voice and his hands in favor of your efforts, and in support of your measures.

To preside merely over the forms of a public assembly, requires no uncommon display of intellectual vigor; but the duties of a grand master involve higher topics and more momentous considerations. He must be employed in devising ways and means of doing good inculcating the virtues of our fraternity, and in illustrating by practical demonstration, the beauties of benevolence. His eye must be vigilant in discerning any inroads in our ancient landmarks, and his arm must always be ready to protect the institution against intestine convulsions and external hostilities.

Your life has hitherto been distinguished for its accordance with Masonic virtue. If you carry into your high office that benevolence which adorns your private character, and that experience as a member and master which you acquired in a respectable Lodge in this city, you will unquestionably reflect back on the fraternity the lustre which you derive from it.

I shall now proceed to discharge a duty which has been required from me by the grand lodge, and I perform it with no common pleasure, as evidence of my personal esteem for you, of my high respect for that distinguished body, and of my sincere devotion to the cause of Freemasonry. I shall now invest you with the insignia of your office, and I most humbly supplicate the supreme architect of the Heavens and of the Earth, to smile on the proceedings of this day and to render them auxiliary to the holy cause of benevolence, morality, and religion, and subservient to the best interests of the human race.

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It is one beautiful feature of Masonry, and one which is peculiar to itself, that whilst it speaks, by signs well understood, an universal language, it unites in the same bond of brotherly affection the native of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, and America; it dissolves

as into one mass, all religious and political prejudices, whether of education or of habit; and acknowledges no other distinction than vice or virtue, good or evil. Indeed all the worst passions of men, which the intemperate discussion of these otherwise important subjects is calculated to arouse, seem to be hushed to rest in a Lodge of Freemasons; and the reflecting mind contemplates with delight a scene of perfect harmony unequalled in any other association upon earth.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### TO OBTAIN LIQUID SULPHUROUS ACID.

Pass sulphurous acid gas, obtained by the ordinary methods, first through a tube filled with pieces of chloride of calcium, (muriate of lime,) and then into a matrass, surrounded by a mixture of two parts of ice and one part sea-salt. Sulphurous acid is thus liquefied completely under the pressure of the atmosphere, and at a temperature not lower than 18 to 20 deg. of the centigrade thermometer, or from 0 to 4 deg. of Fahr. It is then transparent, inodorus, and heavier than water. At 14 deg. Fahr. it boils, but may be preserved liquid for a long time, without having recourse to pressure, because the part which is converted into vapor absorbs so much coloric as to preserve the remainder below its boiling temperature. Poured into the hand, it produces the most intense cold, and is completely evaporated.

### TO CONVERT WATER INTO ICE.

Pour some of this sulphurous acid into water; one part is converted into vapor, another dissolved by the water, but as the water begins to be saturated, the acid collects in drops at the bottom of the vessel, like an oil heavier than water. If it be touched with a tube, or rod, it is converted into a vapor, and occasions a species of ebullition; the temperature of the water sinks, and its surface is covered with a coat of ice; and the whole of the water may be frozen by adding the acid in proper quantity.

### TO PRODUCE AN EXCESSIVE DEGREE OF COLD.

Surround the bulb of an air thermometer with cotton; dip it into sulphurous acid, and then allow the acid to evaporate spontaneously in the air. By making the experiment at the temperature of 10 deg. centigrade (45 of Fahr.) a diminution corresponding to 57 deg. of centigrade (or 72 deg. of Fahr.) takes place; and if the thermomter is placed in the vacuum of an air-pump, the temperature is reduced to—68 deg. of centigrade (or—91 deg. Fahr.) It must be observed, however, that only an air thermometer can be employed to indicate this low temperature with accuracy.

### TO FREEZE MURCUAY.

Cover the bulb of a thermometer with cotton, pour over it sulphurous acid, and swing it in the air; in a few minutes the mercury becomes solid. This is effected more rapidly by putting some mercury in a small cup, pouring over it a small quantity of the acid, and placing the whole in an air-pump, from which the air is to be exhausted.

### PROCESS FOR CHARGING WATER WITH IRON.

If we form a pile with a few pieces of silver and iron plates, placed alternately, and immerse the pile in water, the fluid, will soon acquire a yellowish tint, and in 24 hours the oxyde of iron will appear in abundance. If the furruginated water be withdrawn, and the vessel be filled every day with fresh water, we shall have a kind of artificial mineral spring.

### THE SULPHATE OF QUININE.

This article which contains the bitter and tonic principle of the Peruvian Bark, in a highly concentrated form, is daily becoming more extensively known, and its efficacy in the cure of disease more highly appreciated. When it was introduced as a medicinal agent, by the French Chemists and Physicians, its use was confined chiefly, if not entirely, to the cure of the *Intermittent fever* or *Fever and Ague*. Even at this period, some of our medical men are ignorant of its use for any other purpose. This, however, is but one of the many cases where this active preparation has been used with a success unequalled by that of any other article in the class of Tonic medicines. In all cases of debility, from whatever cause, in the absence of high febrile excitement, its efficacy is as certain, as it is speedy and permanent. It is peculiarly valuable in those cases of extreme debility, attended with such an irritability of the stomach, as to preclude the use of bark in substance, or other tonics. In but a few cases does it disagree with the patient, and its use is free from those chronic complaints of the nervous system which so often succeed the use of *Arsenical* preparations, and *nostrums*, denominated "*ague drops.*" These poisonous specifics ought to give place to the more safe and valuable article under consideration.

As the Quinine is now much used in the cure of the fever and ague, by many, unacquainted with the nature of the medicine and the disease, it will be proper to be stated that it should never be used in this complaint, but during the intermission between paroxism, or fit of the disease. Its use should be preceded, also, by thorough evacuations from the stomach and bowels. During the hot stage, any tonic would only increase the excitement. Cooling medicines are then indicated. The most convenient preparation of the Quinine is the *solution* made by adding the *salt* to cool water slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid. The dose is one grain every one, two or three hours, according to the violence of the disease, and clearness of the intermission. It may be used with or without Madeira or Port Wine.

The absurd idea that it is dangerous to break the fits of the ague ought to be exploded. There are no constitutions that will not suffer more or less from a continuance of this disease. Enlargements of the spleen, (called Ague Cakes,) derangement of other viscera, debility—dropsical affections, and a host of previous complaints succeed and complete the wreck of the system. On the contrary, it is esteemed perfectly safe to check the paroxisms at the earliest period. The Quinine, under proper management, will prove infallible in this particular.

### DURABLE INK.

Mr. Brande gives the following as the best proportion of ingredients for durable ink: 8 oz. of galls, 4 oz. of logwood, boiled in 10 pints of water, till reduced to six by boiling; then add 4 oz. of sulphate of iron, 3 oz. of gum arabac, 1 oz. of sulphate of copper (blue vitrol,) 1 oz. of sugar, and 1-4 oz. of cloves. The best writing is liable to lose its color by long exposure to the air, or by the action of the acids or acid vapor, on which account Mr. Brande recommends that ink to be used in laboratories, for labels, or in certain manufactories where they are employed, should have a stick of Indian Ink disolved in each pint.

### INVISIBLE-VISIBLE INKS.

Dissolve bismuth in nitric acid. When the writing with this fluid is exposed to the vapor of liver of sulphrit wil become black.

ANOTHER.—Dissolve green vitriol and a little nitrous acid in common water; write your characters with a new pen. Next infuse small Aleppo galls, slightly bruised, in water; in two or three days pour the liquor off. By drawing a pencil dipped in this second solution over the characters written with the first, they will appear a beautiful black.

ANOTHER.—Mix alum with lemon juice. The letters written with this ink will be invissible till dipped in water.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S CUT AT THE LADIES.—When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air—dressed tasty yet simple—with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect security beneath their silken lashes, how can we help loving her? But when we see a woman whose looks seem to say that she is sojourning somewhere about the region of 39, dressed off in pink ribons, mock gold safety-chains, and pinchback breastpins and mincing her steps as if treading on eggs, sh reminds us of an old piece of furniture scoured up to sell.

A western orator recently declared from the stump, that he "*was born a very early period of his life!*" Probably when he was quite small.

## THE GATHERER.

### THE VIPER'S FANG.

The fang of the viper is a clear and curious example of mechanical contrivance. It is a perforated tooth loose at the root; in its quiet state lying down flat upon the jaw, but furnished with a muscle, which, with a jerk, and by the pluck, as it were, of a string, suddenly erects it. Under the tooth, close to its root, and communicating with the perforation, lies a small bag containing the venom. When the fang is raised the closing of the jaw presses its root against the bag underneath; and the force of this compression sends out the fluid, and with a considerable impetus, through the tube in the middle of the tooth. What more unequivocal or effectual apparatus could be devised, for the double purpose of at once inflicting the wound and ejecting the poison? Yet, though lodged in the mouth, it is so constituted as in its inoffensive and quiescent state, not to interfere with the animal's ordinary office of receiving its food. It has been observed also, that none of the harmless serpents, the black snake, the blind worm, &c. have these fangs, but teeth of an equal size, not moveable as this is, but fixed in the jaw.

### DESCRIPTION OF AN EXECUTION.

The day before I left Rome I saw three Robbers guillotined. The ceremony—including the masqued priests, the half naked executioners; bandaged criminals; the black Christ and his banner, the scaffold, the soldiers; the slow procession and the quick rattle and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of the blood, and the ghastliness of the exposed heads—is altogether more impressive than the vulgar and ungentlemanly dirty 'new drop,' and dog-like agony of infliction upon the sufferers of the English sentence. Two of these men behaved calmly enough, but the first of the three died with great terror and reluctance. What was very horrible, he would not lie down; then his neck was too large for the aperture, and the priest was obliged to drown his exclamations by still louder exhortations.—The head was off before the eye could trace the blow; but from an attempt to draw back the head, notwithstanding it was held forward by the hair, the first head was cut off close to the ears; the other two were taken off more cleanly. It is better than the oriental way, (and I should think) than the axe of our ancestors. The pain seems little; and yet the effect to the spectator, and the preparation to the criminal, is very striking and chilling. The first turned me quite hot and thirsty, and made me shake so, that I could hardly hold the opera glass; (I was close but was determined to see,) as one should see every thing once with attention; the second and third (which shows how dreadfully soon things grow indifferent,) I am ashamed to say, had no effect on me as a horror, though I would have saved them all if I could.—*Lord Byron*

GOOD RETORT.—The Emperor Alexander during the occupation of Paris, was present at an anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were handed for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his Louis d'or he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtesied, and presented the plate again "What," said the Emperor 'more?' "Yes, sir," said she, "*I now want something, for the poor.*"

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—An old tradesman in the town of Sterling used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; and in one, he put all the money he received, and in the other, all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid; at the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents, he was enabled to make a balance perhaps with as much regularity, and as little trouble, as any book-keeper in the country.

HONOR—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others, whom you despise and hate.

## REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

Two young Americans were pursuing their studies in London at the commencement of our late war with England. Some months after that event, they learned that a motion was to be made in the House of Lords, which would probably elicit a debate on the prosecution of hostilities with America. They determined to attend, and, ignorant that any introduction was necessary, went at an early hour to the house, and by some lucky accident fairly got on the floor without interruption. They looked around with great composure for a good place, and at length, finding one to their minds, seated themselves without ceremony.—Not long after, the peers began to assemble, and all eyes were steadily directed to the young strangers. Presently a very respectable-looking personage—Lord Holland—approached them, and inquired if they were not foreigners? They replied that they were Americans. He then informed them that no spectators were admitted on the floor, nor even in the gallery; without an order from a peer, and that he presumed that they were not aware that they had been sitting on the *throne.* He kindly took them into the lobby, and gave them an order of admission into the gallery, thus preventing a seat on the throne from being to them what it had been to others, a very uncomfortable situation.

## QUIN'S SIAMESE SOUP.

Quin, in his old age, every one knows, became a great gourmand, and among other things, invented a composition, which he called his "Siamese soup," pretending that its ingredients were principally from the "East." The peculiarity of its flavor became the topic of the day. The "rage" at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the recipe, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavoring to dine with him; every dinner he was at apology was made for the absence of the "Siamese soup." His female friends Quin was obliged to put off with promises; the males received respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was accordingly projected by a dozen *bons vivants* of Bath against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters; abroad beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length he discovered the design, and determined on revenge.—Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the recipe before they departed—an invitation, as my readers will suppose, which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as his "Siamese soup." The company were in transports at its flavor; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and, when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablet to write down the recipe. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off; and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither they nor he should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well then, gentleman," said he, "in the first place take an old pair of boots—!" "What! an old pair of boots?" "The older the better;"—(they stared at each other)—"cut off their tops and soles, and soak them;"—(they hesitated)—"chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water." "Why, Quin," they simultaneously exclaimed "you don't mean to say, that the soup we've been eating was made of old boots!" "I do, gentleman," he replied, "my cook will assure you she chopped them up." They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient: in an instant horror and despair was depicted on each countenance, in the full conviction they were individually poisoned.—Quin, observing this, begged them not to be alarmed, since he could contemplate no dangerous results from their dinner; but, if they thought it would sit uneasy on their stomachs, there was an apothecary's shop in the next street. The hint was taken: an idea of personal safety subdued the rising throbs of indignation. Seizing their hats, away flew the whole bevy down the stairs and along the street to the place advised, where ipecacuana was speedily procured, and the "Siamese soup" (and all its concomititants) was speedily disgorged.—*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage*

The Tomato.—We are receiving new evidences of the utility of this grateful garden vegetable in preventing and curing indigestion, and disease of the liver and lungs. A writer in the Farmer's Register, says it has been tried by several persons, to his knowledge, with decided success. They were afflicted, says he, with chronic cough, the primary causes of which, in one case, supposed to be diseased liver—in another, diseased lung. It mitigates, and sometimes effectually checks, a fit of coughing. It was used in a dried state, with a little sugar mixed with it, to render it more agreeable to the taste. The writer expresses a conviction that if freely used in July, August, and September, it would pro e a complete antidote of bilious fever.

The tomato, to have it in early use, should be started with us in a hot bed; though if raised in abundance it may be dried, which is our practice, and at command through the year. The mode of drying is us follows: "Full ripe tomatos are scalded in hot water, to facilitate the operation of taking off the skin; when skinned they are well boiled with a little sugar and salt, but no water, and then spread in cakes about an eighth of an inch thick in the sun. They will dry enough in three or four days to pack away in bags, which should hang in a dry room." We consider the tomato and rheubarb the most healthy products of the garden.

## THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOS.

A classical gentleman, a few years ago, paid a visit to Rome, brimful of the sublime anticipations. As he approached the eternal city, his excitement became almost too strong to be endured. He entered the gate with indescribable rapture, when lo! the first object that presented itself was an English placard, with the [illegible] imperative and imposing announcement, "Use Turner's Blacking!"

## LAWYER OUTWITTED.

Several years ago a young gentleman went to consult a certain attorney how he might carry off an heiress. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor; "but I'll tell you what you may do—let her mount a horse, and hold a bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe—for she runs away with you." The counsellor, however was sufficiently punished for his quibbling advice when next day he found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

## MEMORY AND NONSENSE.

A person was boasting in Foote's presence, of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit any thing to memory, when the modern Aristophanes said he would write down a dozen lines in prose which he could not repeat, from memory, in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote produced the following:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pickinnies and the Jolillies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boot."

Such a mass of unconnected nonsense defi'd the memory, and the wit won his wager.

A Hurricane Predicted.—The New Orleans Courier of the 30th ult. remarks: "Certain weatherwise bipeds in these parts, have predicted that we shall be visited next month, by one of the most destructive hurricanes that ever raged along the Gulf of Mexico. Lest this warning should be taken as a joke, we will inform our readers that for weeks past something very unusual is said to be going on among the waters of the Gulf. The tides have mounted several feet higher than usual, when at full; and again, when the tides recede, places are left dry that never before were seen out of water. Now these things, they do say, indicate the approach of the hurricane.

## ARITHMETIC.

A. D. 970 lived Gerbert a native of France, and a monk of Fleury. He was, perhaps the most illustrious character of the 10th century. Born in an age which is justly reprobated by historians as overwhelmed with the deepest shade of mental darkness, this philosopher surmounted the prejudices of education, and in defiance of ecclesiastical censures, withdrew from teachers who could add nothing to his stock of knowledge, to seek from the professors of a differen, religion, the treasures of science, which they alone of all the people of Europe then possessed. At Seville, in Spain, he learned the language of the Arabs, and soon made himself master of astronomy, geometry, mechanics, and that which entitles him to the gratitude of every merchant, in all succeeding ages---the glorious science of *arithmetic,* which the Arabs had brought with them from the East. On his return to France in 970 he liberally imparted to his countrymen the fruits of all his studies. It was thought a most astonishing thing by the French that the same figure could express one, one hundred, and one thousand, and the rules of arithmetic which he published could scarcely be comprehended by the most laborious students of the 12th century. A native of England, however, had learned enumeration enough to express a date, and to inscribe 975 on an ancient portal of Saxon architecture at Worcester. It is not singular that Gerbert's evidences of th's important science, should be comprehended with difficulty, in an age where not one in a thousand could read, and where he shone a solitary star.---*Annals of Com.*

Widows.—'When I was on the rail,' said Mr. Weller, with some emphasis;' I was goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I was locked up in a close carriage with a living widder. Alone we was; the widder and me was alone; and I believe, it was because we was alone and there was no clergyman in the conwayance, that that 'ere widder did'nt marry me afore ve reached the halfway station. Ven I think how she began a screaming as we was a goin' under tunnels in the dark—how she kept on a faintin' and kitchin' hold o' me—and how I tried to bust open the door as wos tight locked and perwented all escape. Ah! It was a awful thing.—a most awful!'

Change of Residence.—A postmaster writes to the editor of the Hartford Review, requesting him to stop a subscribers' paper, as he has "gone to the d—l." The editor replies, that he is not willing to lose so valuable a patron, and shall therefore continue sending it to him in his present abode.

## FASHIONABLE ROUTS.

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called *routs!* Why, rout formerly signified the defeat of an army; and when the soldiers were all put to the flight or to the sword, they were said to be routed." "This title has some propriety too," said a clergyman, "for at those meetings whole families are frequently *routed out of house and home.*"

Another Good 'un.—Why is a newspaper like a tooth-pick? Do you give up? Because every man should use his own and not his neighbor's.

*One Hundred and thirty Pounder.*—The experimental proofs of another large cannon, (one hundred and thirty pounder) made by Cyrus Alger & Co., commenced yesterday at South Boston Point, under the direction of Colonel George Bomford, chief of the Ordinance Department.—This gun is considerably larger than the one experimented upon some months since.

*Age of Improvement.*—"The aged Henry" has become the fashionable title of that celebrated personage, who, in ruder times was termed, with very uncivil familiarity, "the old Harry."

## POPULAR TALES.

### STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate." St. Paul.

### THE WRECKER,—A SEA-SIDE STORY.

"Hannah, I have tould you three times to go to bed," said Pierce Murphy to a slight delicate-looking young woman, who, notwithstanding his injunction, continued to knit the stocking she had nearly finished, while bending over the embers of a turf fire.

"Well, father, I'm going," but still she remained.

Pierce Murphy was a tall muscular man, with rugged yet keen features, and a shaggy head of hair, that fell in great profusion over a high, determined looking forehead. After having spoken, he walked backward and forward under the rafters of his kitchen, but occasionally pausing to look out through a window upon the night. It is worthy of observation that this window was singularly constructed—Pierce, tall as he was, could not reach it without standing on a stool for the purpose, and then his eyes were on a level with the lower pane.

"Holy saints!" he muttered to himself, "there's a flash! Well, that *is* something like!"

The girl who had been knitting started to her feet, terrified at the loud thunder-peal that shook their long narrow cottage, and frightened the poultry that were roosting at the far end of the kitchen on the high rafter, so completely, that two of them tumbled down, and ran towards her as if for protection, while the old cock shook his feathers, and chuck-chuck'd something by way of caution to his more assured companions.

"What a night, father!" she exclaimed; "I should think there could be no chance of their running in such a night as this!"

"Stuff!" answered the man; "women always talk like fools. What are they to do?—if they have come as far down as we think, they must put in, or tack about for sea-room, which they can't do, because the wind is right in their teeth, or be seized in the morning by the revenue cutter! There's another flash! Go to bed, go to bed—that's a good girl—go to bed."

And he pressed his forehead close to the glass, which, contrary to the practice in Irish cabins, was perfectly whole and free from dust.

"I'll be as quiet as a lamb, father, but do let me stop up with ye; if I went to bed, sorra a wink would come on my eye. Sure, what's in the differ, if I wake here or in the crib within!"

Her father's thoughts seemed to have taken another direction, for he made no reply to her request—but after gazing intently through the glass for some minutes, he turned abruptly to the door, which opened on the same side as the window, directly towards the sea, and attempted to look forth. It was, however, but an attempt; the wind rushed in with such terrific violence, that the turf ashes were blown about in every direction, and it required all his strength, assisted by his daughter's exertions, to force back and bar the entrance. It will seem strange to those who know what Irish cabins by the sea side generally are, to talk of a "bar" to the door. A latch, above which a hole is sometimes bored to permit the twine to pass through, so that the latch may be lifted by the stranger or the friend—both alike sure of a welcome; or a rusty lock, where want of use has engendered rust—these are common enough; but, nevertheless, Pierce Murphy's cabin-door was not only furnished with two bolts, but was as sound and substantial a door as any one need desire to have, even in the neighborhood of London, where, if you do not lock your doors, or bar your doors, and bolt your doors, you cannot rest secure from danger. Both the door, and the long, low, narrow cottage of Pierce Murphy, were substantial, and certainly the recurrence of such storms would seem to render it necessary that they should be so. Pierce, however, had more than one reason for having a strong door and a strong bolt to his dwelling, which stood boldly forward on a toppling cliff, near Point Forlorn; the foundation had been formed of the blue slatey stones, large enough to be called rocks, so general along the coast; these were cemented with stiff yellow clay, and the remainder of the walls was composed of smaller fragments of the same kind of stone; the rafters were, despite all superstitions, of drift-wood; the ribs of many a noble ship having been destined to support the thatch of Pierce Murphy's cabin. Murphy's professed occupation was fishing; indeed, I may say it was his *real* employment when he had no other; he was one whom danger never daunted; in his little smack he braved all dangers; and when he *did* send fish to Wexford market, it was always the finest there: the kitchen of his dwelling was hung with the implements of his ostensible calling, though many did not fail to remark that Pierce's nets were generally dry, except when the coast-guard were on the alert; and coast-guards twenty years ago, the period to which my tale refers, were not as active as they are now; they also wondered at the stability of his door and his high up window; but Pierce said the place was lonely;—that he was often out at nights fishing; and that his old woman was "timid of being alone" during the long winter's evening.

The "old woman" was comparatively an old woman when he married her, and had been bedridden many years. The fruit of the marriage was one boy, the young woman whom he called daughter, and who evinced towards him all the duty and affection of a child, was the wife—it might be widow—of Luke Murphy, his only and beloved son.

"Now," exclaimed Hannah, glancing at him from beneath her dark eyelashes, when they had really succeeded in fastening the door, "what would you have done if I had been in bed? Bedad, father, the wind would have had the betther of ye!"

Pierce Murphy looked down upon the gentle, earnest face of the pale girl, who had spoken in the half jesting, half serious tone of one who does not exactly know how the words will be received, and there was both ire and pride in the expression of his countenance.

"The wind have the betther of me—of ME! The wind never crossed the Atlantic, let alone St. George's Channel, that would have the betther of me," he answered proudly.

"Oh, father dear, take care. God be betwixt us and harm! But sure my poor Luke used to call the breezes and winds the Almighty's breath."

"And why should you mention *him* to *me* now?" exclaimed the impetuous man; "what's put him in yer head, I say," he repeated, in a voice loud as a tempest, as the trembling creature shrunk away without replying, "what put Luke in yer head now?"

A shrill unearthly sort of laugh rang from one of the two small bedrooms that were partitioned at the farthest end of the kitchen, and a voice feeble and sharp, replied, "And that shows that Pierce Murphy is the same fool as ever, to ask a young wife what puts her husband in her head—to ask fond Hannah Gowry what puts her lawful husband (may the Lord's care be about him day and night!)—to ask *her* what puts her husband, Luke Murphy, in her head? Oh, Pierce agra! is it now ye have to larn that the head and the heart of a young Irishwoman are one! What put Luke in her head! bedad, that's quare! ah, ah!" and the old bedridden woman went on laughing and muttering to herself in a way that showed her intellects were not clear. Pierce swore at her while commanding her silence, but she did not heed him; accustomed to his rough words and rough usage, perhaps she did not understand his meaning.

"Bedad, ye're a nice lad, Pierce Murphy," she continued half distinctly, and, fortunately for herself and Hannah, the smuggler did not hear above half she said. "Ye turn the Almighty's blessing, yer own flesh and flood, until ye make it into a curse; the *gra* boy—just married too; and in for it, so deep, that if he didn't make a vartue of necessity, the law would have sent him abroad free of expinse. My beautiful boy! but never heed that, he'll soon be back now, his pardon's granted; my blessing be about Hannah for that same; didn't she work it out for him, with her perseverance and her sweet ways—and he'll soon be back—he'll soon be back—and thin, Pierce, my boy, Pierce, slashing Pierce Murphy, ye're book sworn, so ye are, to turn out all rats—all rats; hush, hush—every rat, before my boy comes home."

"I tell ye what," said Pierce, swearing a dreadful oath, "I tell ye what it is, Hannah; if you don't find some way of stopping that ould woman's tongue, I will—not even her being the mother of my son, your husband, will save her; do you understand me? The ould hag gets worse and worse," and the smuggler spoke these words in the stern under tone of a resolved and desperate man, hissing them through his teeth, while his fingers grappled convulsively, as if he did, in imagination, what he threatened.

Hannah had glanced at him before; now she looked fixedly, if not firmly in his face; and ere she had spoken a sentence, the crimson that had mounted to her cheek, had faded to a death-like paleness.

"You have a right to remember, Pierce Murphy, that if the poor ould senseless creature is what she is, it is your doing. When she took you first, she had full and plenty. She trusted it all to you, and where is it?"

"Hannah!" exclaimed Pierce, astonished at her boldness.

"Let me alone, then, with your hints, father; I don't think ye mane half what ye say; I know ye don't. Ye could not be Luke's father if ye did. But while I've a heart to feel, I'll feel for her; while I've a hand to work, I'll work for ye both, as I have done. Oh, father! let me love ye both, for the sake of HIM, my own heart's core! Oh, how could ye be so cruel as to ax what put him in my head! My thought by day and drame by night!" and she burst into tears.

Pierce did not repeat his brutal language, reckless as he had grown from long habit and bad associates; he was touched by the truth and faithfulness of the young creature who gazed on him so mournfully. He muttered a few words; and then dashing his elbow against a half door in the wall, which the nicest eye could not have discerned, he disappeared down a narrow subterraneous passage, which led through the cliff to the strand below his dwelling. The memory of the oldest dwellers on that sea-coast could not carry them back as to when the cave was formed that extended upward, and which Pierce and his associates had continued. Some said it was always so; others said it was the work of men even more daring than its present possessors. The cave appeared to all but those initiated into its mysteries, precisely as it had always been; but Pierce Murphy, more than fifteen years before the occurrence of the incident I am about to relate, had, with the assistance of two or three companions, hollowed a passage as far as the roof of the cavern, which might be about ten or twelve feet above the rugged stones that formed its flooring. It was wonderful how well the opening was concealed; and the rocky roofing was of itself so uneven and commonplace, that, though the revenue officers, as I have said, not by any means as active then as they are now, though perfectly well aware that smuggling, if not more fearful crimes, were carried on in that immediate neighborhood, could not form an idea how the business was managed. Indeed, they were sometimes found to be too well satisfied with the proscribed article, to care much for its distribution, though it is a well-known fact that a revenue officer was never yet really trusted by a smuggler.

When Pierce descended, the young woman sat down by the fire, which she had replenished with fresh turf, and wept long and bitterly. It was sad to hear the voice of one so young and fair, and with an expression of so much innocence in her countenance, harmonising with the moaning into which the madness of the storm had for a time subsided.

"Hannah, *avourneen!*" inquired the half-demented woman, from the little room. "Hannah, *avourneen!* is there any fresh trouble on ye, my comfort?"

"No, mother, go to sleep."

"There's no use, darlint. Is there any noise about the hearthstone, my jewel?"

"No, mother."

"I thought I heard the ticking of the death-watch, the only clock that ever strikes here."

"I didn't hear it, mother."

"Hannah, how long is it since there was a winding-sheet on the candle?"

"I don't know, mother; but sure the last time Father Gandy was here, he tould ye not to be minding such foolishness; that the Almighty would be above giving a hint about such a thing as death out of a bit of candle grease; and that a poor little insect, which he says the watch is, could have no knowledge of life and death, only keeps minding its own business in the warm places."

"Ah, ah!" laughed the old crone. "and sure he's a fine man, and said more than that whin he was about it."

"Ay, mother, both priest and minister say good enough, if we'd only heed it. God help us, he did say a dale of what was true, and so did Misther Burrows, heaven bless them both, about the sin of breaking the law, which was both bad and dangerous; and what was worse, about the curse of sinful people, which sich doings bring about a poor man's house, and the evil courses such lead to, the swearing and the drinking; and the fear o' God, put all on one side for the lucre of gain; and the end that comes of it all, transportation and shame, or may be death. Oh, it's a cruel wicked way—and how poor Luke, though brought up in it, ever turned to it, so fine and honorable as he was, I don't know. I little thought how it was when I married him!"

"And would that have hindered ye, if ye had known it?" inquired the old woman.

"I don't know, I'm not thinking it would—for all the throuble I've had on his account seems to draw my heart closer to him; he is more to me now than ever he was; and when he's with me again, we'll go to some furrin part, and work in the honesty that will bring peace."

"Ah, ah, ah!" laughed the old woman. "I shall be dead before that—but the worms will have no feast, for I'm only skin an' bone, skin an' bone;" and she laughed again the laugh that made poor Hannah's flesh creep, and then continued—"Luke, *a-lanna*, never took to it, though you don't know, for reasons ye didn't come to us for good and all, till he was on the point of going, but he never took to it. Sure if a man's in a whirlpool, he doesn't take to it, though he is drowned in it. And Misther Burrows said all that agin the smuggling. Ah, he said all that agin the smuggling; did he? and yet I'll go bail he took the hot drop of the hot stuff afore he left. That's no way to instruct the poor whin they're in the sin, and have the temptation to go on in it, the example must go with the lesson to do good; the poor have the comfort, and not the strong principle, and yet they'd take away the one, and not give them the other! That's quare; that has no sinse in it, no more than ould Margate Murphy."

"Go to sleep, mother dear," said Hannah.

"Will you pray for me the while?" inquired the old woman, earnestly, and there was sorrow in the tone of her voice.

Hannah replied she would, and knelt down for the purpose; but nothing could keep Margaret Murphy quiet.

"Lave off, Hannah, and come sit by me," she said; and accordingly the gentle girl, who was so unsuited for such scenes, and who had quitted her own people in a more inland part of the country, simply that she might take care of her husband's mother, to prove her love for him, left off in the middle of an "ave," and seated herself by the bedside of the strange woman, whose former mode of life, before she became Pierce Murphy's wife, was unknown to her neighbors, though various had been the rumors in circulation on the subject.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

## DIOCLES.

Among the laws which Diocles gave to the Syracusians, there was one which enacted, "that no man should presume to enter, armed, into an assembly of the people; in case any should, he was to suffer death." One day an alarm was given of an enemy approaching, and Diocles hastened out to meet them, with his sword by his side. On the way he was informed that the people, indifferent to their common danger, had assembled to talk sedition in the forum; and, forgetting all inferior circumstances in his zeal for the public safety he stepped, armed as he was, into the midst of the assembly, intending to use his best endeavors to recal them to a sense of their duty; but before he could address them, one of the busiest of the factious called out, "that Diocles, in arms among the people, had broken the laws which he had himself made." Diocles, struck, but not confounded, turning towards his accuser, replied, with a loud voice, "Most true; nor shall Diocles be the last to sanction his own laws."—On saying this he drew his sword, and falling on it, expired.

A fate precisely similar is recorded of Charondas, the law-giver of the Thurians.

# Miscellany.

## BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

We have read, in a certain book, "Directions for training a child to the gallows." It has been some length of time since we saw that article, but judging from present indications, we suppose it has been perused extensively, and that many parents are resolved to follow the 'directions' implicitly, in order to elevate their sons to that post of distinction, at which they cannot fail to become conspicuous objects of public regard. Tender mothers and affectionate fathers, do not suffer your boys to be taught a trade; for that may enable them to make a living for themselves, without the necessity of living on their wits. Let them feel the spur of necessity, that they may be cunning and active in devising and using expedients to get the products of other people's labor,—let them have no honest means of subsistence, that they may be forced into a train of daring experiments for the purpose of subsisting without means. An individual who has been regularly instructed in a trade or profession, seldom arrives at any distinction as a housebreaker, a pickpocket, or a highwayman. Therefore, if you wish to see your sons shine in those brilliant exploits, which form the most material incidents of half the novels lately published, let them be imbued with an early abhorrence for all handicraft operations. Let them be taught to place a proper estimate on their own ease and gentlemanly leisure, and teach them the philosophical notion that they came into the world merely to recreate and enjoy themselves at the expense of the public. For the attainment of those objects, it is well to make them perfect masters of their own time; never require any account of how they spend their mornings, afternoons, or evenings. All inquiries of the kind tend to repress and dampen the natural genius of the young people. In order that your boys may have their own apprehensions assisted by the suggestions of congenial spirits, suffer them to associate with whomsoever they please; and doubt not that they will seek and find that society which will effect the desired improvement. In a short time, you will be astonished at their progress. Pitching coppers, picking eggs, &c., are good exercises for mitigation; they have qualified many a youth for the more splendid triumphs of the gaming table. By all means, take care to provide the young gentlemen with coppers and eggs, to perfect themselves in these innocent preliminaries. Encourage or permit your son to lounge about a tavern bar, beer-house, or nine-pin alley; if he has any milksop propensities, or prefers cool water to any other beverage, this will be most likely to improve his taste. When the opening genius of the lad enables him to perform any small theft or petty roguery, suffer yourself to laugh at his skill, and endeavor to screen him from punishment.—Pursue the system steadfastly, and if your child makes an honest man and a good citizen, or if he escapes public disgrace and legal penalties, you may lay your hand on your breast, and safely declare that you have done all in *your* power to make it otherwise.—*Phil. Ledger.*

## AN IRISH DEFENCE.

Some years ago, Mr. Boyle, (who conducted a satirical paper at Cork, called "The Freeholder") came in contact with one of the city sheriffs at the theatre. He suffered so much from this collision, that he brought Boyle to trial for the assault. Juries, at that time, were not the most unprejudiced in Ireland, and a "corporation jury" were not in the habit of leaning to the side of *mercy* when an enemy of the "ascendancy" was brought beneath their *justice*. Boyle had written some severe things against the corporation, and his conviction, on almost any grounds, was anticipated by his foes, and feared by his friends. The trial came on before one of the judges at the Assize. After many challenges, and much difficulty, the jury were empanelled. Mr. O'Connell, the leading counsel at the Munster bar in criminal cases, was retained for Mr. Boyle. The evidence bore strongly against his client although it was admitted that the assault might have been accidental; and O'Connell, declining to call rebuting evidence, spoke at some length in reply to the prosecution. Finding that his appeal to justice made little way into the hearts of a Cork corporation jury, he suddenly adopted the language of irony, and concluded in the following abrupt manner:—"Gentlemen, I remember a trial, at Clonmel of a poor man on a charge of murder; a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence—like what you have just now heard, was made up against him. The prisoner's life seemed to hang by a single hair, when the case against him closed. He requested leave to call a witness, and to the amazement of the court, produced on the table the man alleged to have been murdered. Perhaps, to use a phrase you all understand, he had been only 'kilt.' The judge instantly desired the jury to send down their verdict. After a little pause, the foreman handed in a slip of paper, with the awful word 'guilty' written on it. The judge, in utter astonishment, exclaimed—'Why the man has not been murdered! how can the prisoner be guilty?' 'Oh, my lord,' replied the foreman, 'that may be: but if he did not kill the man he stole my bay mare three years ago!' So, gentlemen (concluded O'Connell,) you must find Mr. Boyle guilty: for though he did not assault the sheriff, sure he libelled the corporation! The jury, who had laughed at the anecdote, were shamed into justice, and Boyle was acquitted.

## TURKISH TREASURES.

Several laws of the Koran enjoin the Mussulmans to lay by sums of money. In order to observe this precept, each Sovereign, residing in Constantinople, since Mahomet II. who made the conquest of this city in 1453, encloses in a chamber of the seraglio the gold, silver, and other riches which he intends to economize. The sum that each Sultan puts aside in this manner amounts to about £480,000, a kind of tariff fixed upon by common custom. Independently of the duty of the sovereigns in placing to this amount the sums received from the taxes, and not expended, he conceives it to be agreeable to heaven, and to the nation, in adding to this fund the presents that are made him, either in precious stones or other articles of great value. It is well known how punctilious the Turkish sovereign is in this respect; his subjects, as well as foreigners, cannot obtain what they solicit, even according to all principles of justice, unless they add to their petitions, presents, the value of which is proportioned to the object which they desire. No one can be ignorant of the extent of confiscations pronounced in an arbitrary manner by the Despot of Constantinople against private individuals, and against the Pachas: and when he has deposited these sums in his sinking fund, in his opinion the iniquity of such measures is immediately obliterated. Superstition in the Ottoman territory, has attained to such a degree, that the people are persuaded, the more this fund increases, the more his reign will be fortunate and prosperous. This fund is, therefore, called the Sacred Treasure. History does not confirm this opinion; but the Turks care very little about history or the lessons which it affords. And what becomes of this treasure accumulated in so considerable a manner by each Sultan? This is a curious question.

Every year the Kisla-Aaga, the chief of the black eunuchs, makes an inventory of the riches amassed during the twelvemonth; and the operation being terminated, the Grand Signor accompanied by the principal officers of the crown, repairs in grand ceremony to the the chamber of the Treasury, and places his signet upon the chest. After the death of the sovereign, there are found as many chests in his chamber as he has lived years. The chamber is then closed, and the signets of every one of the principal officers placed upon the door; and an inscription is added, indicating that in this place is the treasure of such a Sultan.—His successor forms his treasury in another room of the seraglio, and after his death, it is also closed, and the same circumstance occurs during each new reign. Now, as from the time of Mahomet II. Constantinople numbers forty-one sultans, there exist in the seraglio forty-one chambers, containing each the treasure of each of these sovereigns.

In order to touch any of these treasures—to dare to enter a single one of these numerous chambers—it would be necessary that the Ottoman Empire were reduced to the lowest extremity. It appears that the necessity of violating the Sacred Treasury has not hitherto been deemed necessary. The sultans, rather than have recourse to such a measure, prefer making the most cruel exactions from their subjects. Such is the financial system of economy of this nation—it is far from the acknowledged principles of all civilized states.

## MOURNING APPAREL.

"But now is he dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again."

The trappings of grief seem indifferent and childish where there is real grief, and where there is not, they are a mockery. The principal objections against the custom of wearing of mourning apparel are, that it is useless, inconvenient and expensive. What use does it serve? to remind me that I am in affliction! I do not wish to be pointed out—shall the sable garb be adopted then, because it is grateful to my feelings—because it is a kind of solace to me? I can gain no consolation from it. But if the custom is useless, inconvenience forms a still greater objection. It is inconvenient, because it throws the care of purchasing and making clothes upon a family, at the very moment when it most needs seclusion and quietness: when worn out with care, and watching, and sorrow, it needs retirement and relief. There is shocking unseemliness I had almost said sacrilege, in turning the house of death into a work shop for the dress-makers. Who that hath ever witnessed what is passing on one of these occasions—who that hath ever seen the broken-hearted victim of affliction brought forth to be dressed as pageants, and harassed into inquiries about mourning gowns and bonnets, or heard, intermingled with their tears paltry and vain discussions about the adjustment of mourning caps and ribbons; who I say, has not felt this inconvenient, this ill-timed, and unbecoming, beyond what any force of language can express? But the greatest objection, after all, to the use of mourning apparel, is the expense. That the expenses presses heavily upon the poor, is a matter very well known, and I believe very generally regretted. But this is not all; it presses heavily upon the community and none but the opulent, in fact, can afford it.—There are few families in the country with whom the expenses of mourning apparel does not form a burdensome addition to the bills of the merchant. Besides this, black is the most expensive kind of apparel: and there is always on those occasions—from haste and natural improvidence of a afflicted mind about worldly things—a great deal of extravagance and waste; and more than all, this expense comes at a time, when, of all times, it can be least borne. It comes in addition to all the expenses of sickness, the paying of attendants and the *charges* of the physician. It comes, perhaps, when the main support and reliance of the family is taken—when the husband, the father, the provider, is cut off—when he has departed from the world with no feeling of distress so deep as that he was to leave destitute those who were dearer to him than life. Then it is that the desolate and deprived, under false motives of showing respect to him, are obliged by the customs of society, to abridge the already narrow means on which they have to rely—to follow the silly fashion of adopting an outward appearance of grief;—How many are the cases in which a considerable portion, and e en the whole of what remains for the widow and fatherless, is expended, and not in providing for their wants, but mere arraying them for their desolate condi on.

## LIFE AT WATERING PLACES.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from Cape May, gives the following as a night or rather a morning scene in the main gallery of a hotel there. The only thing we cannot understand is how the correspondent happened to be awake at such a time. We recommend the husband to provide himself with a duplicate key:

(Tap! tap! tap! in a low and gentle tone.)
(No answer.)
(Tap! tap! tap! a little louder.)
(Still no answer.)
(Tap! tap! tap! a full octave higher.)

'Who's there?' (in a loud, and I thought, for a female, a very determined voice.)

'Only me, my love;' (in a soothing loud whisper, rather strongly contrasted with the voice from within.)

'Well, Mr. T——, this is too much; but I vow I won't get up.'

'My dear, do pray and let me in.'

'I positively will not. I gave you fair warning I would not in this way be disturbed every night. The children, you know very well, can't be got to sleep after they are once woke up.' (I could testify to the truth of this part of the conversation.) And this is the fourth night you have been up half the night, playing c rds and stuffing crabs and cl a npague. 'Tis too bad.'

'My love recollect; do for heaven's sake keep quiet, and let me in; this is all d—d nonsense. I mean this is perfectly ridiculous. Just remember where you are and talk lower: I'm *not* deaf.'

(After a pause—)

'My dear, there's no earthly use in your standing there. You ought to know by this time that when I say I won't I mean I won't; and get out of bed again this night I *won't*—that's settled.'

And to my mind the case was clearly settled—the tone this was uttered in leaving little room for hope.—After a considerable pause, during which time the poor hen-pecked husband no doubt was casting over in his mind what was best to be done in the emergency—

'My love, do I rightly understand that you really intend I shall be locked out all night?'

'Yes my dear, it is precisely my intention, and tomorrow night, you will come to bed in seasonable hours.'

Scene closes.

The following morning, at sunrise, as is my custom, I was on my way, with slippers and gown, to bathe, when I met T—— parading the piazza. He never gets up till the late breakfast bell rings.

'Good morning Mr. T——, Why, this is reformation. How came you up so soon?'

"Why, the fact is—ha! ha! ha!—to be candid with you—the truth is, I am up a little earlier than common. The fact is, I didn't sleep very well last night. These cursed mosquitoes! The wind brought them into my window—bit me to the d—dest. I swear I never was bitten so before in all my life.


# AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1840.


MASONIC INFORMATION.—The following resolution was adopted at the last sitting of the Grand Lodge.—It is of much importance to the fraternity at the present moment, doing away impediments which have existed of late years in regard to the resumption of labor on the part of many Lodges in this State.

*Resolved*, That whenever the warrant of any subordinate Lodge shall be surrendered to the Grand Secretary, the members of such Lodge cease to be members of any Lodge, by virtue of such surrender; and in the event of such warrant being again petitioned for, and the prayer of the petitioners granted, the *petitioners shall only be revived with it.*

During the anti-masonic excitement, many lodges, in order to propitiate peace, gave up their charters, while many others were induced to suspend their labors, until better times. Those better times have now arrived, and many of the brethren are now prepared to resume their labors, provided they can do it without embarrassment. Since the commencement of the Morgan difficulties, years have elapsed, and many changes have taken place. Some who were ranked among the virtuous of the land, and looked up to as ornaments to the institution, have in our dark days turned their backs upon us, while many others have undoubtedly, through the course of time, become vicious and disolute. It is these exigencies the resolution of the Grand Lodge is intended to meet. Heretofore, in the revival of a Lodge, every member *known to the by-laws*, was revived with it. The effect of this regulation has been, that many worthy brethren, have been debarred from Masonic privileges, because they could not sit with objectionable members. This difficulty is now happily removed, and each dormant Lodge, can now re-commence its work, by petitioning the Grand Lodge: THE PETITIONERS ALONE, being constituted the Lodge, and all after admissions, to be done in the regularly constituted manner.

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON." We should suppose that this inscription, engraved, as it is on the heart of every lover of his country would have shielded the memory of America's noblest Son, now lying within the "narrow house," from calumny. But a *Reverend* Mr. Fyng, in the Episcopal Recorder, is resolved to "damn himself to everlasting fame," by the use of his Jackass hoofs on the body of the dead lion. This Rev. gentlemen says of Jefferson, that "there was a peculiar aversion and want of respect for his name in the very neighborhood in which he lived and died," and that his "character was worse than HE (!!!) with the most unfavorable prepossessions, ever conceived it to be." A meeting of the citizens of Charlottesville, Va. has been called to vindicate the character of Mr. Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson needs no vindication. Posterity have erected a monument for him, too high for the breath of calumny to reach.

SPURIOUS BILLS.—A Subscriber, residing in St. Louis, Missouri, has sent us a $2, bill on the *City Trust and Banking Company*, of New York, no doubt under the impression that it was current money. For his benefit as well as that of others, we would say, that judging from the *bite*, on the public, it is a species of the *wild cat* of the most *rabid* kind. In other words, it is a fraud.

THE JUVENILE DEPOSITORY.—This interesting little work comes to us after a suspension of four months, from New York, instead of Skaneateles, although, it will be issued simultaneous from both places. Mr. Pratt the former editor has associated the Rev. Mr. Blakely, with him in its conduct. The editors say that it will now be continued with perseverance and spirit. It is printed monthly, at $1. per annum.

SUICIDE OF A CIRCUS RIDER.—George Sweet, an equestrian and tight rope performer, well known in this city, attached to the Bowery Amphitheatre, on Thursday morning last, threw himself from the third story of the Eagle Tavern, at Buffalo, and received such internal injuries as will probably cause his death. He had been for several days laboring under a species of insanity, and attempted to make way with himself by taking opium.

TROUBLE AHEAD.—The right of the city of Philadelphia, to certain portions of the Girard estate, is about being contested by the relatives.

NOMINATIONS.—Wm H. Seward, and Luther Bradish, have been put in nomination for Governor, and Lieut. Governor, by the Whig convention at Utica.

☞ Peter Scough, a German emigrant, who was travelling west with his wife and four children, was accidentally drowned in the Albany basin on Tuesday.

THE CROPS.—It is now ascertained beyond a doub that the crops of the present year in this country wi be more than an average. The summer crops are al gathered, generally in good condition; and the fal crops have passed the period when they can be materially affected by any change of weather other than an early frost. This, with the surplus of last year's crop remaining on hand, will make provisions abundant, and prices must range low, unless an extensive demand for export should take place.—*Bee.*

## INTELLIGENCE.

A CRUEL CASE.—The poor are made to suffer in a variety of ways for their poverty. The public treat it as if it were indeed a crime, and not a misfortune to be poor. A man by the name of Cass, an honest and industrous artisan with a wife and child, failed some time ago in business, having lost all that he originally possessed. He applied for the benefit of the insolvent laws and was opposed. Through his creditorr he was afterwards indicted as a fraudulent insolvent and was committed to prison.

On Monday last a jury pronounced him innocent of the charge of fraud, but alas! it was too late to be of service either to the sufferer or his afflicted family.—On Tuesday morning *he died*, after being unjustly incarcerated for nine months in a public prison, from the effects of confinement. His wife and child, after struggling from day to day and night after night for their subsistance—after besieging with tears and entreaties his creditors, until spurned from their threshholds, for the release of their protector are now left destitute upon a wild world, abandoned to want and privation of every character. What are we to think of the souls of these creditors? Can they boast the possession of that essential element of humanity? or may we not reasonably conclude that they are brutes, which nature by some sad mistake has gifted with the form, but not the gentler faculties, of men. *Phil. Spirit of the Times.*

COINCIDENCE BETWEEN THE PULSATION OF THE HUMAN BODY AND THE HOUR OF THE DAY.—The following is from the London Sun. You will oblige a constant reader, and one who has made the experiment by giving it a place in your paper.—*Journal of Commerce.*

"Seat yourself at a table, having placed your elbow on the table, attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and first finger, and allow the shilling to hang in the center of a tumbler glass; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendalum, and the vibrication will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be that hour at which I am writing, between half past six and seven o'clock, it will so strike the glass seven times, and having done so, lose its momentum and return to the centre.

If you hold it a sufficient length of time the experiment will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space has elapsed to convince you it is most complete. I need not say that the thread must be held with a steady hand; otherwise the vibrating motion will be counteracted.

At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment be made, the coincidence will be found the same."

ITEMS OF FOREIGN NEWS.—The Royal assent was given to the Canada Union bill on the 23d ult.

THE AMERICAN AGITATORS.—By the late accounts Messrs. Bidney, Garrison, Stanton, &c. were abusing their country and their countrymen at Birmingham.

The Nelson column, about to be erected in Trafalgar Square, London, will be made of brass cannon recovered from the wreck of the Royal George.

*Oxford*, the pot-boy, who shot at the Queen, had been tried and virtually acquitted on the ground of insanity.

*Extensive Felony.*—A Mr. Robert Brine has stolen £17,000 in Danish Bonds, £21,000 in Brazilian Bonds, 100,000 guilders, Dutch 5 per cent. Bonds.—He has escaped to America—$5,000 reward is offered for him.

*Fecundity.*—Mr. H Holmes, of Prarie du lac, Rock county, has a cow, which a few days since, presented him with three large healthy heifer calves at one birth —[*Milwaukie Sentinel.*

CITY OF TROY.—The assistant mashal has completed the census of the city of Troy, and states the number of inhabitants at 19,373. In 1835 there were 16,959, and in 1830, 11,587 inhabitants. Gain in ten years, 7,786; in five years, 2,414.

Winconsin and Iowa, the young scions of the West, have astonished the nation by the recent return of the census. The former gives returns for 31,000, and the other 50,000 souls. Three-fouths of the inhabitats are from New England.

Last evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Capt Richard Kelsey to Miss Amanda Eggleston.

On Tuesday morning, at his residence in Troy, Mr. Benjamin Peirce, in the 77th year of his age.

*Generous Contribution.*—The Wall street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Philips', recently took up a collection for the American Bible Society, amounting to eight hundred and forty five dollars and fifty cents.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—The Rev. Messrs. Fielding and Constantine sailed from Norfolk on monday last, for Africa. They are under the patronage of the Baptist missionary society.

*Hydrophobia.*—Mr. Moses Emery, of Aurora, a strong and healthy man, about thirty years of age, died last Sunday evening, having suffered the four previous days the most excruciating agony. His writhings and contortions were so great that at times it required four men to hold him. It was supposed by some to be a case of hydrophobia.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

*Taylor arrested.*—It is stated in the Hartford Eagle that Taylor, the villain who shot and robbed Mr Rice, some months since, was arrested day before yesterday, in the vicinity of Hudson, N. Y. He has made a full confession of his guilt, and it is said he appears somewhat penitent.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Chronicle states that Mr. John Smith, of that place, whilst on his passage from Charleston to Nassau, (N. P.) in the schooner Mary & Eliza, was knocked overboard by the boom; the vessel was running at the rate of seven knots, and before she could be put about, he was lost sight of. A very heavy shower of rain came on directly, and he was of course given up for lost. But after the rain had ceased whilst the schooner was on another tack, he was discovered swimming, and taken on board, having been in the sea something like an hour.

MELANCHOLY COINCIDENCE.—The Baltimore Sun, mentions a remarkable coincidence of death which occurred recently. On the 19th ult. Mr. Solon Nash, formerly of Boston, died at Lonisville, Kentucky; and on the same day, his wife, Mrs. Mary B. Nash, aged 28 years formerly of Newburyport, died in Baltimore.

*Painful Occurrence.*—As the Boat Niles Capt, Green was coming up the canal on Friday evening, when just below Little Falls, one of the passengers, Mrs. Hunter, of New York city was struck by the contractor's bridge and almost crushed to death. She was placed in the hands of a physician, and when our informant left there were some hopes entertained of her recovery, though her situation is extremeiy critical. No blame is attached to the Captain.—*Utica Whig.*

☞ On Friday last a horse was so overdone in a match for $300, on the "Trotting ark," Boston, that he died on Sunday. During his vain attempts to win the $300 for his master, he was stimulated with alcohol and camphor, in order to enable him to put forth all his energies—and the re-action of his system must have been tremendous.

## Married.

On Wednesday morning, by the Rev Dr. Sprague, Charles Van Benthuysen, to Elizabeth, daughter of Lyman Root, esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by Elder J. B. Hodge, Mr. John W. Baynes, to Miss Ann Jane Niles.

Also by the same, Mr. Daniel P. Smith, to Miss Sarah Sanford.

Yesterday afternoon, Margarette J. B. Youngman, only daughter of Nicholas and Margaret H. Youngman of this city, aged 3 years.

Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, Anne, daughter of John I. Taffe, aged 6 months and 23 days.

## DIED.

In this city, on Tuesday last, Mary, wife of Mr. William Voorhees.

On Monday morning, Caleb Johnson, aged 45.

On Saturday morning, Ezra Prentice, youngest son of John Rodgers, aged 2 years.

At Binghampton, on the 4th inst., Wm. M. Willard, Esq. cashier of the Binghampton Bank, aged 26 years.

In Hartford, (Conn,) on the 31st ult., Mrs. Miriam Colton, aged 87.

At Wethersfield, on Thursday morning, August 6th Mrs. Sabrina Boardman, aged 78.

At his residence in Halfmoon, Saratoga county, yesterday morning, Hugh Peebles, esq., in his 77th year.

DEATH.—On Sunday night one of the soldiers enlisted in the United States service at Philadelphia took it into his head to run away; he secreted himself in the hold of a small vessel on the Schuylkill, but his pursuers being on his trail, he jumped overboard and was drowned.

### CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

| NAME. | PLACE. | TIME. |
|---|---|---|
| Temple Encampment, | Albany | 2d Friday. |
| Temple R. A. Chapter, | Albany | 2d & 4th Tuesday |
| Mount Vernon Lodge | Albany | 1st & 3d Thursday. |
| Temple Lodge, | Albany | 1st & 3d Tuesday. |
| Apollo Lodge | Troy | 1st & 3d Tuesday. |
| Apollo Chapter, | Troy | 2d & 4th Tuesday. |
| Apollo Encampment, | Troy | 3d Monday. |
| Evening Star Lodge, | West Troy | 1st Wednesday. |
| Phœnix Lodge, | Lansingburg | 1st & 3d Thursday. |
| Olive Branch | Bethany Gen. | 1st Wednesday. |
| Genesee Encampment, | Lockport Nia. | |
| Ohio Lodge, No 101, | Wheeling, Va. | 1st Monday. |
| Wheeling Chapter, 19, | " | 2d Thursday. |
| Wheeling Encampment | " | 2d Monday ev. o month. |
| Washington Council, | " | 1st Saturday. |
| Utica Lodge, 47, | Utica, | last Thursday. |
| Oneida Chapter, 57. | " | 1st Thursday. |
| Utica Encampment, 3 | " | 3d Tuesday. |
| Mount Moriah, | Louisville, Ky. | 1st & 3d Saturday, p. f. |
| Louisville Encampment | do | 4th Saturday. |
| Council S & R Masters | do | Quarterly. |
| King Solomon's chapter | do | 2d Saturday. |
| Memphis Chapter, | Memphis Tenn | 3d Monday. |
| Memphis Lodge, | Memphis | 2d Tuesday. |

### AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 5840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.
Rauch's Psycology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Stael's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

## POETRY.

From Mrs. Norton's New volume of Poems.

### TO THE LADY H. O.

[Isle of Wight, 1838.]

Come o'er the green hills to the sunny sea!
The boundless sea that washeth many lands,
Where shells unknown to England, fair and free,
Lie brightly scatter'd on the gleaming sands.
There, 'midst the hush of slumbering Ocean's roar,
We'll sit and watch the silver tissued waves
Creep languidly along the basking shore,
And kiss thy gentle feet, like Eastern slaves.

And we will take some volume of our choice,
Full of a quiet poetry of thought,
And thou shalt read *me*, with thy plaintive voice,
Lines which some gifted mind hath sweetly wrought;
And I will listen, gazing on thy face,
(Pale as some cameo on the Italian shell!)
Or looking out across the far blue space,
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell.

Come forth! The sun hath flung on Thetis' breast
The glittering tresses of his golden hair;
All things are heavy with a noonday rest,
And floating sea-birds leave the stirless air.
Against the sky, in outlines clear and rude,
The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant between;
And lulling winds are murmuring thro' the wood,
Which skirts the bright bay with its fringe of green.

Come forth! All motion is so gentle now
It seems *thy* step alone should walk the earth—
*Thy* voice alone, the 'ever soft and low,'
Wake the far-haunting echoes into birth.
Too wild would be Love's passionate store of hope,
Unmeet the influence of his changeful power:
Ours be companionship, whose gentle scope
Hath charm enough for such a tranquil hour.

And slowly, idly wandering, we will roam
Where the high cliffs shall give us ample shade;
And watch the glassy waves, whose wrathful foam
Hath power to make the seaman's heart afraid.
Seek thou no veil to shroud thy soft brown hair—
Wrap thou no mantle round thy graceful form;
The cloudless sky smiles forth as still and fair
As though earth ne'er could know another storm.

Come! Let not listless sadness make delay—
Beneath Heaven's light that sadness will depart;
And as we wander on our shoreward way,
A strange, sweet peace shall enter in thine heart.
We will not weep, nor talk of vanish'd years,
When, link by link, Hope's glittering chain was riven:
Those who are dead shall claim from love no tears—
Those who have injured us shall be forgiven.

Few have my summers been, and fewer thine;—
Youth blighted is the weary lot of both:
To both, all lonely shows our life's decline,
Both with old friends and ties have waxed wroth.
But yet we will not weep! The breathless calm
Which lulls the golden earth and wide blue sea,
Shall pour into our souls mysterious balm,
And fill us with its own tranquillity.

We will not mar the scene—we will not look
To the veil'd Future, or the shadowy Past:
Seal'd up shall be sad Memory's open book,
And childhood's idleness return at last!
Joy, with his restless, ever-fluttering wings,
And Hope, his gentle brother—all shall cease:
Like weary hinds that seek the desert springs,
Our one sole feeling shall be peace, deep peace!

From the Churchman.

### ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY, 1840.

It was a solemn *day* for me,
This twenty-fourth of June,
Eleven years ago—alas,
That they have passed so soon!
And often as it comes about
I meditate thereon,
And strive to follow as I may
Christ's herald, good St. John!

It was a solemn *place* to me,
That sanctuary old,
Where still we after six score years
The same high service hold;
And still 'tis good amid the change
That sweeps o'er all beside,
To know that while these walls shall stand,
That service shall abide.

How many that were present then
Sleep in their tombs below!
How many to their distant ports
Have gone as I now go!
Of all the crowds that then were here,
How few are left behind!
And of that few, how fewer still,
Who call that scene to mind!

To me it is as yesterday.—
I see the whole proceed,
The Bishop and the brotherhood,
Who came to bid "God speed:"
The holy altar, then withdrawn,
In its own deep recess,
Ere desk and pulpit crowded in
To make its honors less.

Oh it was not in mockery
That then I offered there,
In weakness, fear and trembling tones,
The Institution prayer;
How often, as I've paced those aisles,
At sacred hours alone.
Have I recited o'er that prayer,
To God is truly known.

How little thought the Warden gray,
That ought but death the keys
Surrendered by his faithful hand,
Should ever wrest from these;
That ere this ancient fold should count
Their broken pledge no sin,
Or part, for trifling cause, the bonds
Of God's own discipline!

Dear Church! as now that tender charge
I solemnly resign;
Some bleeding hearts will testify,
The fault has not been mine.
For who could hear thy heavenly chime
With gladder heart than I;
Who love thee with a fonder love,
Or in thy service die?

God raise thee up some faithful man,
More prompt to follow on,
In doctrine and in holy life,
Christ's herald, good St. John.
Give him all boldness to rebuke,
And skill thy griefs to cure,
And for his heavenly Master's sake,
All patience to endure.

W. C.

### "LET US PRAY."

*From "Ada and other Poems," by* Miss M. A. Browne.

"Prayer is a christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."

MONTGOMERY.

Let us pray! when morn's first light
Pierceth through the clouds of night;
While the flowers are dewey yet,
Ere the twinkling stars are set;
Ere the strife and stir begin,
Of this world of woe and sin—
For a blessing on the day,
To its Maker—let us pray!

Let us pray! amidst the strife
Of the city's varied life;
In the pageant, in the crowd,
'Midst the humble or the proud;
With the foe or with the friend,
May the voiceless prayer ascend;
With the mournful or the gay,
Young or aged—let us pray!

Let us pray!—when over heaven
Comes the lovely light of even;
When the distant vesper hymn,
Rising through the twilight dim,
On the evening wind sweeps by,
Like an air harp's melody;
When the distant sea is gray,
At that soft hour—let us pray!

Let us pray! when storms arise,
Darkening o'er the azure skies;
When the thunder tempests come
Bursting o'er our peaceful home;
When the angry lightning's flash;
When the rain's thick torrents dash—
In that hour of wild dismay,
For protection—let us pray!

Let us pray! when winter drear
Closeth in the vanished year;
Wraps in snow the lofty hill,
Chains in frost the lowly rill;
When let loose the chilling breeze
Sweeps the last leaves from the trees:
When the summer flowers decay,
Looking on them—let us pray!

Let us pray!—Around the hearth,
Check the voice of childish mirth;
Ere they go to rest in peace,
Bid the infant's prattle cease;
Teach the spotless heart to rise
With its evening sacrifice,
While the artless prayer they say,
With our children—let us pray!

Let us pray! when slumber flies,
And the sad tear dims our eyes;
When there is no voice or sound
In the midnight stillness round;
When fear's dark forebodings start,
Clouding o'er the mourning heart;
For bright hope's consoling ray—
In the silence—let us pray!

From the Death's Doing.

### THE COMPLAINT OF THE STOMACH.

I fear said the Stomach addressing the Brain,
That my efforts to serve you will soon be vain;
For such is the weight you compel me to bear,
And such are the labors that fall to my share,
That unless in your wisdom you lighten the load,
My strength must soon fail,—I shall drop on the road.

* * * * * *

Then the cargo of viands in flesh, fowl, and fish,
Which serve as a whet to some favorite dish,
With the compound of peppers and sauces to aid,
Or rather to force on the market a trade—
Are really too much for my delicate frame;
And to burthen me thus is an absolute shame.
But I do not complain, although hard is my case,
As many would do, were they put in my place.
Nor am I so senseless as not to perceive,
That some other members have reason to grieve;
There's your legs and your feet, that once bore you about,
Are now useless as logs, with the dropsy or gout;
And your hands are so feeble you scarcely can pass
To your neighbor the bottle, or fill him a glass.
And further the stomach had gone on to state,
When the Tongue, 'tis imagined took up the debate.
"Did you speak to the Brain?" said a low piping voice!
(It was just before dinner,) "I much should rejoice
To find such a being you wot of, my friend,
But he and his measures have long had an end;
A nondescript substance now fills up the space
In that once intellectual thought-breeding place.
By some't'as been thought that your chymical skill
(Which now, it is known, has the power to kill,)
And your fumes have destroyed all the power of thinking,
So that no sense remains but of eating and drinking.
What is said in the Bible has long been forgot,
Of the passage which told there was "Death in the pot."—
But the sauce is prepared to season the fish;
When too late 'twill be found there is Death in the dish."